Men Who Are Prominent in the Winter shows Uptown Go sown to the Seaside in Autos to Help Start the Summer

Herrymaking-Big Crowd Helps Toos With the help of cowboys, Mexicans, Our Stuffy, elephants, automobiles, brass bands, flags, hoorays and things, young Mr. Freddy Thompson opened his Luna Park yesterday afternoon with a getaway that trailed parades and stuff all the way from the Thompson & Dundy offices in West Forty-second street down to Coney Island. The storm centre did its centring over Forty-second street during the first part of the afternoon while the theatrical managers, producers, press agents, newspaper men, house managers, theatrical costume designers, wiggists, critics of the drayma, Mason Peters and Eddie Rosenbaum and, in fact, all that part of Broadway from Forty-second street to Forty-second street gathered in front of the T. & D. offices till the sidewalk looked like the front yard of the Main street home of a prominent Elk just before the funeral party starts from the

residence. In the first of the long line of chugging automobiles that shivered impatiently along the street curb at 3 o'clock was Our Stuffy, anxiously consulting Julius Cahn's theatricel guide to lay out the route for the parade.

And when the chuffer of the big sight seeing auto that held the first section of Lem-lein's Luna Park band of brass had been shown the Cahn route to Coney Our Stuffy gave orders to everybody to get ready to go by some other route; and then Mr. Stuffy Davis gave the starting order by standing up and firing a --- cartridge from a .32 calibre revolver with a shattered hope that he would be arrested.

Our Stuffy had complete control of the start off from Forty-second street because Freddy and a man whom everybody called Paul, but whose last name could not be learned, were arranging the cowboys, Mexicans, more bands, khakied soldiers, elephants and additional policemen all around the Coney end of the Ocean Park-way to receive the automobile parade at

the finish. This Coney reception parade that was to escort the Forty-second street parade from the Parkway into Luna Park was grand marshalled by this man that everybody called Paul, and who is a playwright by trade, with Doctors Potter and Livingby trade, with Doctors Potter and Livingston as aids. Freddy, wrapped in a gurging touring car, just circled in and around and out and in among the Indians, cowboys, Mexicans, elephants and bike and mounted cops giving orders to curb their impatience until Stuffy had arrived upon the scene of the reception prepared for him. And to keep the waiting crowds in good humor until Our Stuffy should appear this man named Paul, mounted on a calico bronce trimmed with spangles and carrying the largest sword ever seen on Coney Island outside of a show, drilled the khakied soldiers for hours at a stretch.

In the meantime Stuffy Davis had the baige privilege away up at Forty-second street, and as the official openers of Luna were conducted to places in the autos Sauffy handed out badges to heape of distinguished folks. Among others that took part in the parade and drew badges were Joe Grammoot, president of the Hard Licker Trust; Marcus Aurelius Klaw and Abraham Iamooin Erlanger, Erlanger Abraham Lawahe, Meyer Livingston, Ren Wolffiff, Flo Ziegfeld, John C. Fisher, the Hon. Bill Brady, the well known after dinner speaker; Samuel Somersault Harris, Franklin Fyles, Lawyer Henny J. Goldsmith, Rube Goldberg, the artist; Bert Cooper, director of the Rotten City Quartette; Diamondjimbrady, John Tennant, Mason and Eddie, Freddy Zimmerman, Bill Hepner, the wiggist and wag; Julius Cahn, and about two dozen more automobile loads of the guiding spirits of dramatio art.

They fought for places right up near Stuffy's car as the parade got under way and lit out for Broadway. White silk flags with the names of various theatress snapped happily from the hoods and lamps of the cars. The bands on the sightseeing machines blared and crashed, and as the parade left the Cross Roads Jim, the head barkeep at the Ka-nick suggested that the curtains be drawn and the shop closed for the day. For when the auto parade had merged into the southern horizon there wasn't a single southern horizon there wasn't a single souther the laway with it. Stuffy fe ston as aids. Freddy, wrapped in a gurgling touring car, just circled in and

eral seconds.

oil across the williamsourg Bridge he didn't have the exact change ready for his car, thus detaining the entire line several seconds.

The auto parade got tangled into a slight knot at the Williamsburg end of the bridge when a smoke chuffer of Julius Cahn's car sulit up one of Mason Peters's touring cars which Mr. Peters kindly had sonated for the day. Here again Stuffy was to blame, inasmuch as there were several policemen around, any one of whom would have arrested semebody if Mr. Davis had entered a complaint, and thus the story would have got greater publicity.

But when the Parkway was reached Freddy Thompson himself came northward in one of his own cars and personally took charge of the procession. From this time on there wasn't a hitch. None of these remarks, by the way, should be taken as derogatory to Our Stuffy's work. They are inserted only in the interest of the young man himself to point out to him in a kindly way and with only the gentlest intentions in the world that as a showman he might almost be called a dub.

The autors when they reached Coney Island fell in line behind more bands and all the gayety that Luna could turn out in the way of fanciful costumes among the Mexicans and cowboys and the parade moved down Surf avenue toward the white hedecked towers of Luna with thousands is mming the sidewalks to welcome the paraders. From the first car now was furering a large silk flag trimmed with gold fringe and beautified in the centre with a picture of Mrs. Frederic Thompson, Mrs. Erlanger unlooked the park with a golden key and he and Mr. Thompson of the balconies. Back of the elephants, which were crowded with theatrical men, marched the bebadged paraders to the number of the balconies. Back of the elephants, which were crowded with theatrical men, marched the bebadged paraders to the number of 125 or more and when they were all inside the gates the ticket sellers got down to the lickers of held their ears as the cowboys shot up the Mexican and burned him at the stake in the "Man Hunt" show or

As thousands of lights flashed out when dusk came Fred Thompson was feeding his guest paraders to birds and champagne and ices and things up in the restaurant. Mr. Erlanger was toastmaster, and he and everybody else told Freddy that he was a great little fellow.

14-YEAR-OLD CRECK FORGERS. Lawyer's Office Boy and His Pals Footed

Three boys under 14 years old were in the children's court yesterday in connection with the forging and passing of

checks that aggregate \$150.

Albert McMurray of 482 Thirteenth street, Brooklyn, the oldest of the three, is charged with forging the checks. Henry Pierson, 13 years old, of 424 Thirteenth street. Brooklyn, aided him to the extent of cashing one of the checks. John Veronese. 12 years old, of 452 Twelfth street, Brook lyn, tried to cash a check, but the police think he had no oriminal knowledge as to the check and arrested him merely as a

to the check and arrested him merely as a witness.

The checks were drawn on the Phenix National Bank, at Liberty and Nassau streets. The first one, for \$50.16 and payable to William Ostrander, was signed "Robert Lecouver" and indorsad with Ostrander's name. This check was presented at a busy hour by young Pierson. The paying teller, knowing that Lecouver, who is president of the Lecouver Press Company, printers of 51 Vesey street, had an account with the bank, passed out the money.

money.

The second check was for \$59.67. It was drawn to the order of Henry Fordwick and was presented, properly indorsed, by Louis Veronese. The paying teller became suspicious at this and payment was refused. A third check is believed to be in circulation, but has not been recovered yet.

yet.

After the second check turned up at the Phenix Bank an investigation was made. Robert Lecouver declared the checks forgeries. Lieut. McGin and Wooldridge of the Wall street detective bureau got hold of Veronese, who told them he had seen the McMurray boy make out the checks.

Where young McMurray got the blank checks is not known. He was employed as an office boy in a Rector street lawyer's office. All he got out of the transaction was trouble. After Pierson cashed the first check, it seems, he gave McMurray the double cross, bought himself a baseball outfit and some candy and skipped out for Toms River, N. J., where his father lives. His parents are separated.

Arrest and detention in a cell scared the three boys and it was a very penitent trio

Arrest and detention in a cell scared the three boys and it was a very penitent trio that faced Justice McKeon yesterday. The Justice decided to give the youngsters another chance and paroled them until July 3. Veronese was not held, as he was wanted only as a witness.

TRIED TO KNIFE PASSENGERS. Apparently Demented Italian on a B. R. T.

Train-Man Cut, Women Hurt. A young Italian with a knife broke loose on a train of the Lexington avenue branch of the Brooklyn elevated railroad a little before 8 o'clock last night. The train was packed with theatregoers and many of the passengers were women. One man got a cut in the cheek and one woman of the many who were trampled upon in the panic

was seriously hurt. The Italian escaped. He boarded the train at Manhattan Junction, which is in an Italian quarter, but attracted no notice until the train was between the Chauncey and Halsey street stations on its way to Brooklyn Bridge. Suddenly he leaped to his feet, drew a knife from his pocket and began striking left and right with it. The passengers in the car made for the doors, everybody

the car made for the doors, everybody looking out for himself.

The Italian, who, to all appearances had suddenly gone out of his head, made no reffort to single out any particular victim for his knife, but lunged about indiscriminately, most of the time into the air.

The man sitting next him, however, failed to get out of the way and received the cut in the face. He was Frank Loomis, 35 years old, of 141 Berry street. The other men passengers and some of the women succeeded in getting to the rear platform and into the car behind.

The conductor of the train signalled the motorman, who blew his alarm whistle. When the train pulled into the italsey street station the platform was crowded with passengers and those attracted by the whistle. The police, however, did not get on the job until the Italian had run through the train to the first car, leaped to the guard rail of the front platform and disappeared rail of the front platform and disappeared in the crowd. After he had gone reserves from the Ralph avenue station arrived and dispersed the crowd of curious on the plat-form and stairs of the station.

form and stairs of the station.

Dr. Haskel, responding to an ambulance call sent in to the Bushwick Hospital, found one young woman, Miss Marguerite Rose of 28 Adelphi street, unconscious, and took her to the hospital. He said her condition appeared to be serious. The other women had managed, more or less miraculously, to escape with minor bruises.

Loomis became so demonstrative over his

Loomis became so demonstrative over his slight injury that he was finally locked up on a charge of intoxication.

FOUGHT BLINDLY IN COAL HOLE. Stabber Fled to Lighter's Hold-Caught by Nervy Pollceman.

William Atkins, a deckhand on the steam lighter Dan McElroy, lying at the foot of Beekman street in the East River, stabbed Patrick Mahoney, a fish dealer in Fulton Market, on the pier last night. Then Atkins dived into the hold of the boat, barricaded himself in the coal bunkers and was caught by Foliceman Rorke and Contractor George Atwell of 310 Front street after a blind struggle in the dark.

Mahoney was asleep on the deck when the deckhand came on from South street. With no warning Atkins jerked the fish dealer to his feet, hit him half a dozen times with his fist, then drew a knife and buried t to the hilt in Mahoney's left side. Mahoney fell, and Atkins, throwing his knife overboard, leaped into the hold of the

Policeman Rorke of the Oak street station jumped down the stairs into the hold, folowed by Atwell, who had seen the rumpus. By this time several hundred men were guarding the dock to see that Atkins did not escape. The first warning the policeman got that he had found his man was a neavy piece of coal that whizzed by his

heavy piece of coal that whizzed by his head and knocked Atwell's hat off.

The deckhand had barricaded himself between two bunkers. Rorke couldn't see whether he was armed but did not wait. He leaped the barricade and landed on top of Atkins. Contractor Atwell took a hand and when the three emerged all were about the same color from rolling in coal.

Mahoney, who lives at 2 James street, was taken to St. Gregory's Hospital by Dr. Jacobs. His condition is serious. Atkins was locked up charged with felonious assault.

FATHER AND SON FOUND DEAD.

Suicide by Agreement the Theory as to

Andrew and Frank Williams. The bodies of Andrew Williams and his son Frank, negroes, were found yesterday in a small room in the basement of the enement at 47 West Ninety-ninth street. Coroner's physician thought the men had been dead about a week. The police believe that they died as the result of a suicide agreement. Some acid was the

suicide agreement. Some acid was the agent.
Andrew Williams occasionally did odd jobs for the janitor of the building in return for his small room. They had been without work for some time. The police found a letter from Andrew Williams's sister at Atlantic City promising if he would come there to try and find work for him.

Nashville, Tenn., May 18.—The Brown-low faction of the Republican party of the Sixth Congressional district held a con-vention here to-day. The convention was made up entirely of negroes and indersed Foraker for President and instructed for W. J. Oliver for national committeeman.

PETE DAILEY IN A SHIRT SUIT

ACTOR STUCK FOR \$100 FOR HIS ELECTRIC CHEST DISPLAY.

Sued by a Gentleman Who Let Him Have the Shirt for the Purpose of Advertising Something to Drink, but Who Found the Brand Changed at the show

Ever short circuit your shirt? Well, if you never did it don't begin now because it's expensive at times. Pete Dailey short circuited his and it cost him one hundred dollars-no more, no less.

Dailey was walking down Broadway one evening a few months ago on his way to Joe Weber's Theatre, where he was appearing in a burlesque of "The Merry Widow" (permission of Henry W. Savage) when he observed a young man careering up the street wearing a heavy fur coat, which, though the night was frosty, he allowed to swing wide open. The reason appeared a moment later when in letters of light there appeared against the young man's dress shirt these words:

Drink Carbolle Acid Whiskey.

Maybe that wasn't the exact name of the brand, but the idea was that at all events Mr. Dailey hadn't had time to get any breakfast, for the hour was then only 7:55 P. M. but he was wide awake enough to see the theatrical possibilities of that illuminated shirt. He halted the young man and addressed him something in this wise:

"Whither away, merry companion?" "Oh, just pikin' down the alley," replied the young man.
"Wouldst turn an honest penny per-

chance?" persisted Dailey.
"I wouldst," responded the young man promptly. You bet your life I wouldst and you can cut out the adjective if you "Adjective adjective?" mused Mr. Dailey

"Where have I heard that word before?" "It is something you apply to the stage manager," said the young man quickly.
"Oh, fie! fie!" cried Mr. Dailey. "And I would further reprove you except for the fact that I must save my voice for the per-

The upshot of it was that Mr. Dailey entered into an arrangement with the young man, whose name was Buckley, for the hire

entered into an arrangement with the young man, whose name was Buckley, for the hire of the illuminated shirt six nights a week and two matinées for the purpose of wearing it in the last act of the burlesque.

The illuminated shirt made a big hit in the show. There were some drawbacks about the thing of course. The first time Mr. Dailey put the shirt on, for example, his dresser got such a shock that he threatened to resign if it happened again. You see an electric shirt is a rather complicated affair. The thing is full of wires in the first place, and if the insulation wears off there's likely to be trouble. There's an arrangement of iron that runs from the bosom of the shirt up through the armhole of your vest, if you're z common person, and of your waistcoat if you're Pete Dailey. Thence the wires run due south into the pocket of your overcoat, where there's a set of dry batteries with a button attachment. When you press the button the shirt front is illuminated.

Unfortunately the insulation had worn off one of the wires the first time Dailey put the shirt on. The unfortunate valet happened to get hold of one of the uhprotected spots. He made some comment upon the circumstance. Subsequently they had to pry him off with a rabbit's foot with which at other and happier times Mr. Dailey had been wont to manicure his fatal beauty.

"You gotter go git a electrician," moaned the valet. "I ain't no lineman." There was some argument, at the end of which they compromised on some rubber gloves and a pair of lineman's climbing irons.

All went well after that for some weeks. At length there came an evening when as Mr. Dailey was putting on the shirt the careless valet got the wires crossed at a point where there was no insulation. Instantly there was a blue flame, a sudden sizzling and the smell of scorching jokes. Mr. Dailey slid out of the shirt with much haste, his exit being facilitated considerably by the fact that the shirt was only a dickey. They worked over the thing with feverish haste and a pair of pliers, bu

Mr. Dailey slid out of the shirt with much haste, his exit being facilitated considerably by the fact that the shirt was only a dickey. They worked over the thing with feverish haste and a pair of pliers, but it was no use. The shirt was short circuited—burnt out. Its connection with the "Merry Widow" burlesque (permission of, &c.) was ended, and, as Buckley points out significantly, the show closed its metropolitan run last night. Mr. Dailey was heart broken.

"Why," he said yesterday, struggling with his emotion, "you've no idea how I missed it. Those dry batteries were just full of the sweetest, dearest little volts and amperes that you ever saw. I remember particularly one hitle blue volt and a teeny weeny yellow ampere with green spots and a curly-curly tail. They used to climb into my pockets and go to sleep there, and I'd find 'em all curled up there when I went home at night after the show. How I loved the little chaps! The little volt was fond of lump sugar and I always used to carry around a quantity of it for him. The little ampere on the contrary would eat no sweets at all, but he just couldn't get enough pickles. So I had one pocket labelled 'sugar' and another one marked 'pickles.' The words were embroidered in silk. Who embroidered them? Ah, that's a secret! Dear girl! But as I was saying, one time I was so busy learning some new lines that in my abstraction I put the sugar in the pickle pocket and when the dear little volt got into the pickle pocket and that cunning ampere entered the sugar preserve there was a terrible row. It was with difficulty that I pacified them sufficiently to go on with the performance."

Buckley's account differs materially from Dailey's. He says that one night when he dropped into the theatre at the usual hour to see carbolic acid whiskey advertised by the shirt, what was his surprise, pain, grief and amazement to see the shirt advise the audience to "Drink Vitriol Vermeuth." It was then that he demanded his shirt back. When he got it back he found that it was all out

yesterday judgment was returned for the plaintiff for the value of the short circuited shirt suit—\$100, to wit.

And by the way, can you say "Short circuited shirt suit," and say it fast?

A PRINCESS VISITS US.

She's From Tahiti and Got to San Francisco in Time to See the Fleet.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 16.—The Oceanic liner Mariposa brought in to-day Princess Salmon of Tahiti, who timed her visit so that she could see the battleship fleet.

Another passenger was Miss M. Brachen, a young English girl, who owns half a dozen fertile coral islands near Tahiti, called the Tetia Roa group. They were bequeathed to her by her stepfather, John Williams, one of the early South Sea traders. She derives a large income from cocoanuts, bread fruit and bananas, but finds island life monotonous. She were a Merry Widow hat and was arrayed in an up to date suit.

JOTTINGS ABOUT TOWN.

Gen. Horace Porter has written to the Taft or ganization of this State that he is for Taft. Albert N. Ehrlich, manufacturer of shirt waists 181 Mercer street, has made a settlement with creditors at 50 cents on the dollar.

reditors at 50 cents on the dollar.

The season on the Hudson River between New York and Albany will open next Tuesday, when the steamers New York and Albany of the Hudson River Day Line go late commission. On Decoration Day the new steamer Hendrick Hudson of the day line will begin her service for 1908 with an excursion to West Point, Newburgh and Poughkeepsle. On June 29 the day line service will be increased by placing the steamer Albany on the route to Poughkeepsle. The steamer Albany on the route to Poughkeepsle. The steamer Mary Powell will begin her regular trips May 25.

Lord & Taylor

Household Linens

An important reduced price sale has been arranged for Monday, May 18th,

1,000 Table Cloths

and days following throughout the week.

2x2 yds., \$2.00 each, worth \$2.50 to \$3.00. 2x21/2 yds., \$2.50 each, worth \$3.25 to \$4.00. 2x3 yds., \$3.00 each, worth \$3.75 to \$4.50. 21/22 yds., \$3.75 each, worth \$4.50 to \$5.75.

Napkins

500 doz. Napkins, \$2.25 to \$12.50 doz. Worth \$3.00 to \$25.00.

HUCK TOWELS

Scalloped Huck all pure linen \$3.00 doz. Reduced from \$4.20.

Hemstitched Huck, \$4.50 doz. Reduced from \$6.00.

Hand Embroidered Irish Linen Pillow Cases,

\$1.75, \$2.00 and \$2.45 pair. Worth \$2.75, \$3.00 and \$3.50.

H. S. Linen Sheets, \$4.00 pair. Value \$6.00. Lace trimmed Linen Bureau and Dresser Scarfs at reduced

SPECIAL PRICE SALE

of Blankets, Bedspreads, Comfortables,

Steamer Rugs, Muslin Sheets

and Pillow Cases

Summer Weight Blankets

\$1.65, \$3.50, \$4.75, \$5.75 pair. Value \$2.25, \$4.25, \$5.50 and \$7.00.

Bedspreads, \$1.25, \$1.45 and \$2.75 Value \$1.75, \$1.90 and \$3.50.

Comfortables, \$1.35. Value \$1.85.

Steamer Rugs, \$4.75 and \$7.50 Value \$6.00 and \$10.00.

Muslin Sheets & Pillow Cases

less than manufacturers' wholesale prices. SHEETS, 55c. to 82c. PILLOW CASES, 16c. to 21c. each.

Broadway and 20th St.; 5th Av.; 19th St.

pearance of Miss Bertha Vanderbilt, an assistant librarian at the university, has interested all of Princeton. The mystery

of it is unsolved. Little has been learned of Miss Vanderbilt's movements since she left her boarding place last Wednesday afternoon to take a walk across the country. She was seen by several persons at a distance and a colored woman is reported as having spoken with her, but that is all. This was before to o'clock. Miss Vanderbilt is supposed to have tried to cross a parrow board over the aqueduct, thereby shortening the way back to Princeton by about half a mile. The board is wet and slimy and the police think she probably slipped into the stream.

Coroner J. R. D. Bower of Trenton arrived to-day and under him and Marshal Kilfoil of the local police search for the body was begun this afternoon. They are working on the theory that Miss Vanderbilt was drowned and put no stock in the suggestions that she may have met with foul play or may have eloped.

Hundreds of persons watched the search for the body this afternoon. Nothing was accomplished. The Millstone River, which feeds into Lake Carnegie, runs so rapidly at the aqueduct that it was difficult to use grappling irons. The police say there is small hope of discovering the body if it is there without the services of experienced divers. The board is wet and slimy and the police

Miss Vanderbilt's father, who lives in Amsterdam, N. Y., is expected to arrive in Princeton in the morning and as soon as he says something definite a more thorough search will be made.

GERMAN BANK CASE SETTLED. Its Former President Agrees to Pay 880,

BUFFALO, May 16.—By the payment of \$80,000 to the receiver of the defunct German Bank of Buffalo Eugene A. Georger, its former president, will be freed from all liabilities, both civil and criminal, in connection with the wrecking of the institution. This agreement was reached to-day at a conference between Georger's attorneys, a depositors' committee and Receiver Wheeler. The action was ap-

Receiver Wheeler. The action was approved by Attorney-General William S. Jackson, who was presecuting Georger on charges of perjury and grand larceny. Mr. Jackson came here to-day and after looking over the ground decided that the proposed settlement was best for all concerned.

Justice Pound granted the order which settles the civil action. He reserved decision on a motion to dismiss the indictments against Georger, but intimated that he will grant the motion as soon as the \$30,000 is turned over to the receiver. The \$80,000 will give the depositors about 2 per cent. of their claims, making a total of about 85 per cent. paid by the receiver.

SAND PIT STRIKER SHOT.

Was Trying to Enter the House of a Fore man at Port Washington, L. I.

FORT WASHINGTON, L. I., May 16.—Caught climbing through a window of a shanty in which Jim Marino, the foreman of the gang of men working in the sand pits, lived alone of men working in the sand pits, lived alone Joseph Vonde, a striker, was shot in the back and so badly injured that he was sent to the Nassau Hospital. It is said there that he will recover.

There have been several riots between discharged laborers and those who took their places. Marino, the foreman, has had many narrow escapes from serious injury at the hands of the Italian strikers.

Philip Sweet of the Pinkerton Detective Agency, with forty-five deputies, reached here fo-day and will assume charge of the police arrangements.

NO TRACE OF MISS VANDERBILT. WOMAN BURNED IN HER HOME. Police Search in Vain for Assistant Libra- Mrs. Annie Revell, Old Greenwich Villager,

and property owner in the Greenwich Village section, was burned to death last night in her home at 72 Carmine street. The fire started in a rear extension on the top floor of the old fashioned three story

brick house. Mrs. Revell, who with her son, Frank Revell, occupied only the second floor and rented the rest of the house, was alone at the time. It is supposed that she was overcome by the smoke while looking for the fire, for her body, partly burned, was found on the rear stairs leading from her apartment to the third floor extension. Boys playing in the street noticed the smoke, sent in an alarm and called Police-

smoke, sent in an alarm and called Policeman Murray of the Charles street station. Murray got an axe and smashed his way in. He ran up to the second floor calling and pounding on the doors. He tried to reach the third floor by the front stairs, but was driven back by the flames, and went to Mrs. Revell's rooms.

The door tried was one which was not used and Murray had to break his way through four looks and push aside a heavy sideboard before he could get in. By that time the fire had eaten its way through the floor and the smoke was so thick that Murray was overcome before he could regain the stairs.

stairs.
Sergt. Allers of the Macdougal street station got to the house just in time to drag Murray away from the flames. Murray was revived and went back on post. The firemen made short work of the blaze. It was when they were making their way to the top floor that Mrs. Revell's body was found.

found.

Mrs. Reveli was 78 years old. She had lived in the Greenwich village section for fifty years. Besides the house which she lived in she owned the property at 74 Carmine street, 12 Bedford street and 228 Variok street. Her son Frank was the agent of the property. Neighbors remembered that Mrs. Revell was always afraid of fire and took unusual presentions to prevent one station. unusual precautions to prevent one starting in her house. It was recalled that three years ago when a candy factory burned, more than a block away, she and her son spent the night on the roof of their home wetting it down with Buckets of water.

VASSAR GIRLS IN POLITICS.

They Hold a Mock National Convention and Nominate Taft and Port. POUGHKEEPSIE, May 16 .- The 1,000 girls at Vassar College from all parts of the United States held a mock national Republican convention last night and nominated Taft for President and Fort of New Jersey for Vice-President. Prior to the event the campus was made gorgeous with campaign posters reading like this: "Boom, Boom, Cannon." "Fairbanks

Floom, Boom, Cannon." "Fairbanks for Fairness and Iowa." "Foraker's No Fakir." "Taft's Your Friend."

The convention was held in the Assembly Hall, which was jammed. Slogans were given as the delegates entered.

There were cries of "Stick to Tafty." Kentucky was headed by two little negro boys and the Maine delegates had a miniature Cannon. The costumes were very funny.

funny.

Taft sat on the platform looking startlingly real, the Roosevelt family was in
the gallery and Mrs. Longworth created
amusement by repeating the tack in-

Philadelphins Arrested at the Gangplant As they were mounting the gangplank Abraham Friedman, a clothing manufacturer, both of 1111 Fortieth street, Philadelphia, were arrested on a warrant issued by Magistrate Leslie Yates of Philadelphia, which charges the defendants with being fugitives from justice, with obtaining money under false pretences and with insuing fraudulent checks.

Furniture Department Dining Room and Bedroom Furniture

We direct attention to our extensive assortment and exceptionally reasonable prices in these departments. We have, this week, marked especially low prices on the following:-

Golden Oak Dining Room Suit

1 Sideboard r China Closet

\$100.00 complete Extension Table r Service Table

Early English Dining Room Suit

r China Closet

\$1 50.00 complete Extension Table Service Table

Colonial Dining Room Suit in Solid Mahogany

t Sideboard t China Closet t Extension Table

\$250.00 complete

r Service Table

Mahogany Bedroom Suit in Colonial Style t Bureau

\$110.00 complete z Chiffonier 1 Dressing Table

Circassian Walnut Bedroom Suit in Louis XV. Style

1 Bureau \$140.00 complete t Chiffonier r Dressing Table

Very Special in Mahogany, Bird's-eye Maple, Golden and Natural Oak

Dresser.....\$31.50 each Chiffonier.....\$27.50 "

> Lord & Taylor Broadway & 20th St.; 5th Ave.; 19th St.

Lord & Taylor

Special Sale Carpet Department

Monday & Tuesday, May 18 & 19

The usual means of disposing of dropped patterns of Carpets are July and August Sales. We

propose selling them now at the following prices: ExtraQuality Wilton | Empire Wiltons suitable for all furnishings at \$1.95 yd.,

\$1.50 yd., formerly \$2.50

formerly \$3.25 Best Quality Wilson Velvets at \$1.15 yd., formerly \$1.65

Best Quality Body Brussels at \$1.15 yd., formerly \$1.65

Oriental Rugs

Kermansha, Sarouk, Serapi, Bijar, Mahal, etc., in Carpet Sizes, will be offered at a saving of 25% to 40%

Broadway & 20th St.; 5th Ave.; 19th St.

Lord & Taylor

Sale of Parasols Much Below Regular Prices

Silk Taffetas in all the best shades Black and White Checks and Stripes Embroidered Pongees Colored and White Linons, plain and embroidered

\$1.95, value \$3.00

Broadway & soth St.; 5th Ave.; 19th St.

NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR IT. ents for THE SUN and THE EVENING SUN MAY be left at any American District Messenger office in the city